This above all, to thine owne ſelfe be true,
And it muſt follow as the night to day,
Thou canſt not then be falſe to any man.
Farewell, my bleſſing ſeaſon this in thee.
Laer. Moſt humbly doe I take my leave my Lord.
Pol. The time inveſts you, goe, your ſervants tend.
Laer. Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I have ſaid to you.
Ophel. 'Tis in my memory lockt,
And you your ſelfe ſhall keep the key of it.
Laer. Farewell. *Exit Laertes.*
Pol. What is't *Ophelia* he hath ſaid to you?
Ophel. So pleaſe you, ſomething touching the Lord *Hamlet.*
Pol. Marrie well bethought.
'Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you: and you your ſelfe
Have of your audience beene moſt free and bounteous.
If it be ſo, as ſo 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution, I muſt tell you
You doe not underſtand your ſelfe ſo cleerly
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour:
What is between you? give me up the truth.
Ophel. He hath my Lord of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
Pol. Affection! puh, you ſpeake like a greene girle,
Unſifted in ſuch perillous circumſtance:
Doe you beleeve his tenders, as you call them?
Ophel I doe not know, my Lord, what I ſhould thinke.
Pol. Marry I will teach you, think your ſelfe a babie,
That you have ta'n theſe tenders for true pay,
Which are not ſterling: tender your ſelfe more dearly,
Or (not to cracke the winde of the poore phraſe)
Wrong it thus, you'll tender me a foole.
Ophel. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with love
In honourable faſhion.
Pol. I, faſhion you may call it, goe too, goe too.
Ophel. And hath given countenance to his ſpeech,
My Lord with almoſt all the holy vowes of heaven.

Pol.

Pol. I, ſpringes to catch W
When the blood burnes ho
Lends the tongue vowes, t
Giving more light than he
Even in their promiſe, as it
You muſt not tak't for fire
Be ſomething ſcanter of yo
Set your entreatments at a
Than a command to parley
Beleeve ſo much in him, th
And with a larger tedder
Than may be given you:
Doe not beleeve his vowe
Not of that dye which the
But meere implorators of
Breathing like ſanctified a
The better to beguile: thi
I would not, in plaine ter
Have you ſo ſlander any
As to give words or talke
Looke too't I charge you
Ophel. I ſhall obey my
Enter Hamle
Ham. The aire bites
Hora. It is nipping, a
Ham. What houre n
Hora. I thinke it lack
Mar. No, it is ſtrook
Hora. Indeed, I heard
Wherein the ſpirit held
What does this meane
Ham. The King doth
Keepes waſſell, and the
And as he draines his d
The Kettle Drum and T
The triumph of his pled
Hora. Is it a cuſtome
Ham. I marry is't,